

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, May 26, 1804.

[No. 36]

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

(Continued from page 258.)

THIS letter, half jest, half earnest, caused Eliza a smile. Her friend, she thought had been too hasty in her conclusions; and she directly began a long letter to undeceive her, assuring her, she was not in love! not jealous! yet begged to know all about the country rival, which Emma had playfully hinted at! Meanwhile the evening of the assembly drew near. To the inexpressible chagrin of Mary, a violent irruption in the face obliged her to transfer her ticket to Harriet, who joyfully accepted it. The rooms were filled with tolerable company for a subscription ball; and Eliza had soon the satisfaction to see Warren approach her. "Are you provided with a partner, Miss Franklin?" "I am not, Sir," she replied candidly, not thinking he meant to offer himself. "Will you accept of me till you are engaged more to your satisfaction?" Eliza was confused; she hesitated; then said, "Miss Harriet is disengaged; it would afford me greater satisfaction to see her dance: I am afraid to venture in such a large company." Warren bowed but spoke not. After looking sometime earnestly at her, during which she blushed violently, he said, "I never dance, nor appear in public, with Miss Harriet." "Bless me!

that is strange," returned Eliza. "Not at all," said he; and bowing again, left her. She thought, by his looks, he was displeased, and secretly regretted her own folly. She soon after saw him conversing with Sir Tancred: they looked towards Harriet: and the baronet, advancing with tolerable grace, solicited her hand which she readily bestowed. "Now, Miss Franklin, will you honor me?" demanded Warren. She gave him her hand directly and joined the dance. "I dare say," he resumed, "you think me an odd creature." "I own," replied Eliza, "I think it extraordinary that you should seek to conceal your partiality for my cousin." "You are wrong upon my soul," cried Warren. I think the man, capable of such duplicity as to conceal, through sinister motives, an honorable affection, equally culpable with one who pretends to that which he does not feel. I never wished Miss Harriet to believe me partial; and I am as cautious that she should not suppose any such attachment existing, which is often the case when young people are seen in public together, to the disadvantage of both parties." He spoke with such earnestness, that Eliza could not but believe him, and her spirits rose in consequence. Harriet presently joined them: she declared that Sir Tancred was too lazy to dance, and that she would sit still the remainder of the evening. This determination, however, she did not keep; for, to their great surprise, Walpole en-

tered the room, and obtained the hand of Harriet for the night. As he led her away, Warren observed, "I congratulate you, Miss Harriet, on a partner you seem to admire. I was a moment before regretting that the gloom of discontent should disfigure your countenance, and obscure those charms which you had so well set off by the most elegant dress I ever beheld you in." Eliza said, when they were gone, "Miss Harriet looks uncommonly well to-night; she has great taste in dress." "Too much so," replied Warren. "Yet you just now complimented her upon it." "She understood the sincerity of that compliment better than you seem to do; for I have often remonstrated against her extravagance in that article. Women act in a very impolitic manner when they dress beyond their sphere of life; and few there are who draw a line of distinction between slatternness and decoration: indeed, those who are most showy abroad, are often the most careless at home. Do not think it flattery, when I say, I admire your style of dressing very much; for plain women frequently render themselves ridiculous by profusion of decoration. I know but one lady who, like you, preserves a plain simplicity of apparel, and she has, as yet, been untutored in the school of fashion." This was an unexpected sting to Eliza: it rendered her incapable of giving an answer: but fearing he would penetrate her sentiments by her sudden silence, she said, "but handsome women surely

require the assistance of dress still less." "If you will permit me to use an odd simile," said Warren, "I will compare ladies to a library, where we are satisfied to find an elegant binding upon an ill-lettered piece: but can scarcely bear to see much expense lavished upon an indifferent work. Nay, to pursue the metaphor still further, when we seek a closet companion, we chuse neither by the binding nor the type, but should rest our choice upon polished diction, sound sense, and good morals." Such opinions would have appeared dogmatical in so very young a man, had he ever obtruded them in company: but they were merely drawn out by concurring circumstances, and uttered with a modest firmness, which proved they were his own genuine observations, and not pedantic plagiarisms. Eliza was disposed to hear all he said with partiality, and had a difficult task to school her looks so as not to betray her thoughts. In the course of the evening he asked a few questions about Walpole, which Eliza slightly answered, without deviating from truth.

The morning after the assembly Harriet did not rise to breakfast; and when Eliza descended, she found Mrs. Franklin, with looks of rage, perusing a letter addressed to her cousin by Walpole: it was to inform her that, on his return to his lodgings, he had found an order from his colonel for his immediately rejoining his regiment, and a request that she would let him know when he could see her. "So, Miss," said Mrs. Franklin to Eliza, "this seems to be some spark of your introducing. I will know all about it; he desires his compliments to you, forsooth." Eliza scorned to betray her friend, much as she felt hurt by this ungenerous accusation: and more so, at the grave, disapproving looks of Warren. She therefore referred her aunt entirely to Harriet for information, Harriet, however, was positive, and refused to give them any satisfaction; in consequence of which, the house was in general confusion. Mrs. Franklin threatened to lock her daughter up, if she did not explain. Mr. Franklin tried every persuasion to make Eliza satisfy their enquiries. Mary speeringly observed, "That no doubt the ladies would keep secrets for each other;" and Warren suddenly grew cold and formal to Eliza: who, thus persecuted determined to shorten her stay in town. The follow-

ing day completed their consternation; for at dinner-time Mary appeared with a look full of intelligence: "Her sister was not in her apartment, and had without doubt, eloped." Revilings now fell thick upon Eliza, who vainly protested that she was not an accessory. Every one thought to the contrary; and she was forced to bear the weight of accusations she would rather have died than have merited.

CHAPTER III.

The Declaration—A fresh surprise—
A Cause-bury Tale—and Malice mortified.

THE tender attentions of Eliza had been so acceptable to Mr. Franklin, that he regarded her as his best solace for the recent loss he had sustained: and but for his strongly expressed partiality, and a few lurking hopes, she would have quitted Craven-Street immediately after the departure of Harriet, whose flight at first deeply afflicted her affectionate father: for once, in his life, he strenuously exerted the prerogative of thinking for himself; and, notwithstanding the malicious persuasions of his wife and daughter, persisted in asserting that Eliza was not concerned in Harriet's disobedience. Frustrated in their design of fixing the stigma upon Eliza, they only suppressed their rancor in his presence, to vent it with the bitterest acrimony in private. "Yes, yes," said Miss Mary one morning, when Eliza had expressed her wish that her uncle's health admitted of her absence, "that is your plausible excuse, to be sure; but I believe you have other motives for staying among us; and your fondness of Mr. Warren, is not the smallest. Ha! Mamma, see if I have not in jest stumbled on the truth; her color betrays her." Mr. Warren rose abruptly; he looked sternly at Mary, and said, "such an indelicate speech as you have just uttered, might call a blush upon any cheek. I confess mine glows with indignation; and but for the respect I bear to some part of your family, Madam, my observation would be such as might retaliate the tint to a much deeper hue upon your hitherto blushless countenance." He then quitted the room with an air of extreme resentment: and Mrs. Franklin, lifting up her hands, cried, "Here is airs for you! If the young parson carries his

head so high now, what will he do when he is an *university* scholar, I wonders!" A smile of contempt stole over the features of Eliza, but she spoke not. "How, Mamma," said Mary, "do you fancy I mind the airs of such a boy? Not I: nor of any *Miss* who *crams* herself into a family to steal away a daughter, win a father's affection from his own children, and then set a saucy chap to insult her betters: but I'll soon see whose head here, I warrant."

To all this illiberal abuse Eliza replied not; for while they were present her proud spirit supported her; but as soon as they left the room, she leaned her face upon the sofa pillow, and indulged her tears freely, till roused by the pressure of a hand against her arm; and looking up, she beheld Warren regarding her with a look of concern. "Am I unfortunately the cause of these tears?" he asked in a tender tone. "Sir!" returned Eliza, with a mixture of confusion and indignant surprise. "You are too quick, Miss Franklin," said Warren, seating himself beside her. "I read your thoughts in your expressive eyes; but believe me I am not coxcomb enough to dwell for a moment on the suggestions of impertinence and envy. I am so fully conscious of the falseness of her insinuations, that"—He stopped, for his whole attention was attracted by the varying countenance of Eliza, who, painfully embarrassed, cast her eyes upon the ground, while the mantling glow of her complexion too quickly revealed her secret to the penetrating eyes of Warren, who felt almost equal confusion. He seemed irresolute whether he should proceed; and his silence first recalled Eliza to her recollection. "I am very happy that you give no credit to the assertions of Miss Franklin," said she faintly. He looked earnestly in her face, and, with some degree of hesitation, replied, "Not the least! Hope is the parent of credulity; and much as I should be flattered by the esteem and friendship of Miss Eliza Franklin, I could never aspire to a warmer sentiment: for base, indeed, and contemptible, must be the man, who, through motives of vanity, would wish to excite tenderness which he has not power to return. Miss Franklin," said he, taking her hand, "you have suffered the unfeeling sarcasms of these people to depress your spirits too much; you look pale: permit me to give you a glass of wine." He turned to the

side-board, to give her an opportunity of recovering herself, for his last words had changed the crimson suffusion on her cheeks to a deadly paleness. When she had taken the wine, he continued, "After what has passed to day, I imagine you will not honor us much longer with your company; and while I have the opportunity, I wish, if possible, to bespeak your friendship for one not less amiable than yourself, though less endowed with advantages which may properly regulate her conduct through life. Regard this picture." Conscious that to betray her feelings now would be the height of absurdity, Eliza stifled her emotion, and received in her hand the miniature he drew from his bosom, in the sweet expectation that it might be his sister. On the diminutive ivory was portrayed a face the most lovely she had ever beheld: a seraphic smile gave expression to features turned with softness and grace: the eye was cast down with a look of modest timidity; and the drapery was thrown on with such fantastic taste, as to give the whole portrait a romantic appearance. Eliza gazed on it for an instant with rapture; and if a spark of envy lay dormant in her bosom, its fire was repressed by the benevolent complacency which beauty ever inspires in the breast of the innocent. "Lovely artless Louisa," said Warren, pressing his lips to the picture, "never shall thy pure love be returned with ingratitude." But though Warren thus expressed the sentiments of his heart, it was more by compulsion than inclination that he spoke. Without possessing any extraordinary vanity, he could not but perceive the partiality of Eliza; and sensible of her warmth, he felt rather pain than pleasure at the discovery. Possessing too much integrity to trifle with the feelings of an amiable woman, he determined on making her the confidant of all his affairs, trusting that the good sense he saw she possessed, would turn the temporary mortification to permanent advantage. Had his person and affections been disengaged, she was the woman above all others he would have preferred. As it was, he thought candor and explicitness the safest and most honorable method of proceeding: and with these ideas revolving in his mind, he continued to address her. "The original of that portrait was left by a dying friend to the guardianship of my father while a mere infant: and the last words of Mr. Mellish expressed a wish that we might

be united; a wish by no means unpleasant, as the fortune of Louisa will be considerable. We were consequently taught, from our earliest acquaintance, to consider ourselves as betrothed; and though such predestined matches seldom are successful, our inclinations readily confirmed the expectations of our parents. It is true Louisa has scarcely had a fair opportunity of judging for herself; as my father, with scrupulous anxiety, has hitherto kept her in almost total seclusion, and since his recent marriage, removed her to a remote and lonely habitation, that she might not imbibe a desire for gaiety from the descriptions of Mrs. Warren, who has been accustomed to a life of liberty, if not dissipation; and while I feel a kind of regret that Louisa possesses not the power of an unprejudiced choice, I am unwilling to resign my happiness, by a trial which might turn to my disadvantage.

(To be continued.)

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

(From Keate's Sketches.)

IT was quite dusk when I got ashore, and the evening being delightfully serene, I was glad, after so long a confinement, to stretch my legs, and determined to walk home to my lodgings

Paris may be smelt five miles before you arrive at it; Madrid, ten; and all the great cities of France and Spain, in the same proportion:—As to those of Italy, the atmosphere which surrounds them, is so impregnated with *garlick*, that the nose cannot easily analyse the other compounds which are overpowered by it: yet, in spite of all the advantages our metropolis may boast, those who are just arrived from the purer air of the country, will, every here and there, at a short turning, or alley-end, catch many an unsavory whiff, which they would always wish to get to the windward of.

On these occasions I have commonly recourse to my snuff-box: but its contents were unfortunately exhausted, by being liberally offered to some of my companions in the Hoy; so it occurred to me, to call at my old snuff-shop in

Covent Garden, and get it replenished: conceiving I might, at the same time, pick up a little intelligence of what was stirring in town.

The shop was lighted up as usual, and two candles standing on the counter; but the door being bolted, I knocked twice before I gained admission; when the master coming from above stairs, complimented me on my return home, and on the good looks I had brought back.

I thanked him for his civility—and my nose being become very impatient, I whipped my snuff-box from my pocket, and borrowed a hasty pinch from the jar he had taken down.

I thought, as he was filling my box, that his features had more than their usual glow of good nature: and at the same time hearing a female voice above stairs, accompanied by a guitar—I fear, said I, that I have called you down from some convivial meeting; I hate to suspend any one's pleasure, even for a moment, so there is my money, and now run up again to your friends.

You by no means suspend my pleasure replied the tobacconist; nay, you will increase it, by allowing me to tell you what hath occasioned it:—It is in truth, a scene that might interest your feelings.

Two young men, who have for a great length of time lived with me under this roof, have endured the severe mortification of seeing a worthy father, whose talents and ingenuity might have entitled him to a better fate, by a series of misfortunes, thrown into confinement; and by the rigor of an unrelenting creditor, detained there for the greater part of twenty years.—Though their situation in life denied them the power of rescuing him from his adversity, yet they have comforted him constantly by their daily visits, and supported both him and his second wife, by the labor of their hands; ever pouring into his wounded bosom, the balm of filial affection. An act of grace hath at last set the distressed parent at liberty, and they have this evening been to fetch him home from the forlorn scene of captivity, which hath worn down his grey hairs.

We have made a little supper on the

occasion, and had not long finished it when you knocked at the door. One of his daughters, whose voice you now hear, is come to welcome his return; and as all the family have a musical turn, she has taken up a guitar to accompany herself. Nothing can, at this moment, exceed the transport of the father, after experiencing for so many years, the severity of ill fortune, to find himself, at last, housed in security under his children's roof.

You paint the story, returned I, as one who strongly sympathised in the general joy. You might well call it a scene to *interest the feelings*; on my soul, it hath played the deuce with mine—inasmuch, that I would almost give one eye, to peep through the key hole with the other, and obtain a glimpse of these happy people, without intruding on their delicious moments.

Why that, Sir, continued the landlord, I could gratify you in, as there can be no breach, either of hospitality or honor, in exhibiting the merits of one's friends, when their actions may not only bear the view, but claim the applause of the world. The little room where they are, has a glass folding door with a curtain drawn only across the lower half of it; if you will give yourself the trouble to step up with me, on the second stairs, you may, unperceived, look over it, and indulge your curiosity.

I would not have missed the sight for all I shall ever be worth on this side the grave!—It showed me so lovely a *family picture*, as bid defiance to all the efforts of art; even the pencil of a *Raphael* a *Titax*, or a *Guido*, would have failed in the attempt—for it was drawn and colored by a greater hand; by thy inimitable hand, *O Nature!* who shalt ever, to the last page I write, remain the object of my adoration!

I wished a thousand times, my dear *Jenny*, that thy benevolent heart could have enjoyed it with me! But I will give you some idea how the canvass was disposed, and your sensibility will paint the rest.

Imagine the whole family grouped round the table on which they had supped; in full view before me, conceive the portrait of the father—whose features wore the traces of age and infir-

mity, possibly somewhat strengthened by the sorrows of life, but whose countenance was at the same time brightened by so placid an eye, as indicated a mind superior to them all!—On either side of him, sat his good sons, and next to them, his wife, the faithful partner of his afflictions; opposite to her, appeared the vacant chair, from whence I had so abruptly summoned my conductor, who now stood by me; while the daughter, whose voice I had heard from below, and the friendly mistress of the house, who had prepared them this little entertainment, filled up the remainder of this happy circle.

The daughter was still singing to her guitar; they were soothing plaintive notes; but my mind was too occupied to attend to sounds—it was watching the characters which composed this singular picture, and marking attentively the expressions of cordiality and love, which during the song, were shot from eye to eye. Often did the good old man cast looks of transport on each of his family, one after the other—then fix his attention on his child, whose voice was welcoming his return—while, at intervals, his hands and his eyes were uplifted, in silent gratitude, to that Providence, who had, after trials so severe, at last brought him home in peace.

As soon as the song was ended, he beckoned his daughter to approach him—when, taking her by the arm, he gently pulled her down to his cheek, and hid his face in her neck. The mistress of the house now pushed nearer to him a glass of wine, which had been poured out, and had long stood before him, unregarded, on the table; he placidly drank it off; and surveying all around him, with a look of measureless contentment, stretched out his hands on his two sons, who were beside him, which were instantly pressed in theirs, with the utmost fervor—while, in their features were pictured, all those delicate emotions of the heart, which Nature has alone entrusted to the human countenance to express, and which the efforts of language are far too feeble to convey.

Believe me, my dear *Jenny*, there was not a dry eye in all the room; nay, and I might add, on the stairs neither—for I more than once observed my honest tobacconist pass his hand before his face.

There are tears of *pleasure* as well as tears of *distress*! the latter are excited by our *own* sufferings; the former are the involuntary tribute which *Sensibility* pays to *Virtue*!

I lament, said I, turning round to my companion, that this picture you have shown me, which glows with so many lovely tints that affection has spread over it, should be concealed in your little apartment—it ought to be exhibited to the public; the view of it might serve to confirm the good, and shame the unfeeling!—Nor could I quit the scene I had been contemplating, without breathing this benediction over it:

Heaven prosper you, children of virtue!—nay, and it will prosper you—for you have given the world a noble example of filial piety! and if lost in its dissipations, it should overlook the unurgéd claims you have on it; yet have you treasured up in your own bosoms, those enviable feelings of conscious rectitude, which it never can take from you: and which, without hearts like yours, it hath not in its power to bestow!

REMARKABLE PUNISHMENT OF ENVY.

(From the *Massachusetts Magazine*.)

"Envy's a monster of that horrid mein,
"That to be *hated*, needs but to be *seen*."

HOW apt the simile, Messrs. Editors!—It never occurs to me that I feel not the force of it, that I recollect not the following singular punishment of this diabolical vice, which if you please, you may communicate to your readers.

There was no bodily accomplishment held in more high repute among the Greeks and Romans, than that of wrestling. Of this truth we have numberless instances.

An unsuccessful candidate for the palm in an encounter of this kind, on hearing that a statue had been erected in honor of his antagonist, went privately in the night, with a hammer and other implements, in order to demolish it. He had proceeded in his deed of darkness for some time, and was still busily employed, when the image as if starting into life, fell upon him, and instantly crushed him to death.

Let those then who endeavor to diminish the honest fame of their rivals beware lest they be crushed in the attempt. — Let those who use infernal arts to stain the characters of their neighbors in the dark, beware lest thereby they bring to light their own demerits, and the infamy they would fix on others, recoil upon themselves.

BENEVOLUS.

UNFORTUNATE FROLIC.

From a Paris paper.

THE chief of Battalion, Tauvernay, arrived lately from St. Domingo, at Paris. He had been absent fifteen months, and was, before his departure, betrothed to a Mademoiselle De Vernois. At his return, he hastened to see his mistress, and pressed her to fix the day of their marriage. The Sunday following was agreed on; and his sister was informed of the day that should make him happy. In one of those unguarded moments, when the most prudent may err, Miss Tauvernay determined to try her brother's love, by giving him reason to be jealous of his mistress. She told him, that, as an affectionate sister, she was sorry to see him so much attached to a lady, who did not return his love; and, to convince him, she asked him the next day to be in the Bois de Boulogne, not far from La Bagatelle, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, he would undoubtedly find Mademoiselle De Vernois in her usual evening's walk, accompanied with her usual evening's companion. With an anxiety of mind easily to be imagined, he arrived at the fatal spot, where he had not been long before he saw his mistress not only arm and arm with a genteel young man, but carressing him in a manner that would have bewildered an imagination less heated than his own. No sooner had his mistress and her companion passed his place of concealment, than he rushed forward, and shot them both through the head. But what was his surprise, after this desperate act, to find the supposed youth he had murdered as a rival, was his own sister. He drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart as a punishment for his jealousy and his crime. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his sister, thanking her for her information, and bequeathing her

all his property. Tauvernay was 27 years of age, Miss Tauvernay 21 years and Mademoiselle De Vernois 19.

From a London paper.

GRETNA GREEN.

LATELY a marriage was celebrated between Mr. S—, of Crookholm, near Brampton, and Miss W—, of Scarr, in the parish of Isherington, attended with the following peculiar circumstances:—As the bridegroom, being a minor, could not yet put on the toga virili, a licence for the marriage could not be obtained without his father's consent; but as his consent could not by the most importunate solicitation, be procured, filial obedience, after a short struggle, gave way to the force of love, and the enamored youth resolved, in spite of every obstacle, to be united to the object of his affections. The good old gentleman being informed of his intentions, took the only method which he thought could prevent their execution, by circumscribing the liberty of his son within the limits of his own apartment. But bolts and locks are ineffectual against the potency of love;—The imprisoned lover ascended the chimney, reaches the top, and, on the wings of love, flies to the habitation of his destined bride; who, through a thick incrustation of dirt and soot, could not recognize the features of her adventurous admirer, till his native complexion was restored by an application of soap and water. After mutual endearments and a soft interchange of sighs, the two lovers set forward to Gretna, where they immediately purchased the services of one of those useful members of society who remove the anxieties of love-sick couples, occasioned by inexorable parents or unfeeling guardians.

ANECDOTE.

A Man being capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say, why the judgment of death should not pass against him. "Say!" replied he; why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better.—If you please sir, we'll drop the subject.

FASHIONABLE BOOTS.

From the Baltimore Telegraph.

I BEG leave through the medium of your paper, to apologize to the proprietor of a new-fashioned pair of Boots the toes of which my carriage ran over last evening in Market-street; the gentleman himself standing some distance up Gay-street, was not observed until it was impossible to prevent the accident.

SENEX.

N. B. Gentlemen wearing those Boots, should be cautious how they extend their toes across the streets, as they may be the means of upsetting carriages and dislocating limbs.

MARRIAGE FEE.

AFTER the ceremony of marriage, the Curate demanded a crown as his due.—"How dost thou prove from scripture" said the Quaker, "that thou oughtest to have from me such a share of earthly mammon?"—"Why, replied the Curate, "the person you have just been married to, is a woman of a good character; and Solomon, in his proverbs observes, that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The Quaker paid the money.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK, whose chief pleasure was in the proficiency of his troops in military discipline, whenever a new soldier made his first appearance in the guards, asked him three questions. The first was, How old are you? The second was, How long have you been in my service? And the third was, If he received his pay and his cloathing as he wished? A young Frenchman, who had been well disciplined, offered himself to enter the guards, where he was immediately accepted in consequence of his experience in military tactics? the young recruit did not understand the Prussian language; so that his captain informed him, that when the king saw him first on the parade, he would make the usual enquiries of him in the Prussian language, therefore he must learn to make the suitable answers, in the form of which he was instructed. As soon as the king beheld a new face in the ranks,

taking a lusty pinch of snuff, he went up to him; and, unluckily for the soldier, he put the second question first, and asked him how long he had been in his service? The soldier answered as he was instructed, *Twenty-one years*, an please your Majesty. The king was struck at his figure, which he did not announce his age to be more than the time he answered he had been in his service. How old are you said the king in a surprize? *One year*, an please your majesty. The king, still more surprised—either you or I must be a fool: the soldier taking this for the third question, relative to his pay and cloathing, replied, *Both*, an please your majesty. This is the first time, says Frederick, still more surprised, that I have been called a fool, at the head of my own guards: the soldiers stock of instruction was now exhausted, and when the monarch still pursued the design of unravelling the mystery, the soldier informed him that he could speak no more German; but that he would answer in his native tongue. Here Frederick perceived the nature of the situation, at which he laughed very heartily, and advised the young man to apply himself to learning the language of Prussia, and mind his duty.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANCIENT RECORDS OF MASSACHUSETTS

JOSIAS PLAISTOWE, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.

Captain Stone for abusing Mr. Ludlow, and calling him justass, is fined an hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent without the governor's leave upon pain of death.

Serjeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, for the wood work of Boston stocks, is fined five pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.

Captain Lovel, admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Thomas Petit for suspicion of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.

Catharine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found suspicious of incontinency, and seriously admonished to take heed.

Daniel Clarke, found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

John Kitchen, for showing books which he was commanded to bring to the governor, and forbidden to show them to any other, and yet showed them, was fined ten shillings.

Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, was sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour.

Great numbers of the like kind might be added.

ANECDOTE.

A Certain deacon, belonging to a church in Massachusetts, having had the misfortune to loose his wife, attempted immediately after his spouse's exit, to *strike up a match* with his maid, whose name was patience. The priest of the village, coming in a short time after to console the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his troubles. Ah! (said the deacon) I have been trying *her*, she seems to be rather off,

Upon the door of a house near Bridgewater, occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, is a board, with the following inscription:

"Barnes & sun, blacksmith and Barbers work done hear: horse shoing & shaving, Locks mended, hare curling, bleeding, teeth drawing and all other furrier work—All sorts of spiratus lick-ers according to the late comical treaty—Take notis, my wife keeps skool & lays fokes as ushall, teaches reding and riting, and other langwatches, and has a sist aunts if required to teach horitory, sowing, the matthew mattucks, and all other fashonabel devirshons."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 26, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 7—paralysis 1—dropsy 4—pleurisy 2—inflammation of the bowels 1—peripneumonia 1—decay 1—scrofula 1—fits 2—gravel 1—hives 1—old age 2—small-pox 2—complaint in the head 1—dissolution 1—phthisis pulmonalis 1—and 1 of disorder not mentioned.

Of whom 24 were adults, and 6 children.

SUICIDE.

Joseph Nesmes, a French Major of the army of St. Domingo, 23 years of age, poisoned himself on Sunday morning at the City-Hotel. He had recently received letters from France, stating that his family were plunged into the greatest distress and misery, which was the cause of his committing the fatal act.

At Baltimore, on Monday, between the hours of three and four o'clock, P. M. Benoni Pelham, Esq. a young gentleman of considerable abilities in the law, who had for some time practised at the bar, deliberately put an end to his existence by discharging a loaded gun through his head. He as usual dined with his friends, and was cheerful. After dinner he departed from them, and betook himself to his chamber, where in a few minutes after he committed the rash act. Nothing that we have yet heard has been found, which in any

manner relates to the reason of his committing an act which at once strikes the mind with horror mixed with pity, for the loss of (in other respects) an amiable young man, who was well respected by those who knew him.

On Tuesday, the 24th of April, Henry Grymes of Bath county, in the state of Virginia under the influence of delirium, broke his skull with a stone! After having shattered it, he took out a piece about three inches long and two broad. Concluding that this would not put a period to his existence, he thrust his fingers into his head, and tore out a considerable quantity of his brains! Instead of immediate death, he instantly returned to the full exercise of reason and walked home, the distance of a quarter of a mile, where he died the Tuesday evening following. He appeared very penitent and rational until he expired, and in the mean time gave to his friends the above statement of the melancholy transaction. The cause of his derangement is not certainly known but is believed to have been a disappointment in marriage.—Through the whole of his life he supported an unsullied character.



"If you are for pleasure—Marry!
If you prize rosy health—Marry!
And even if money be your object—Marry!"

"If you love the Creator you ought to marry, to raise him up more worshippers—if you love the ladies, you ought to marry to make them happy—if you love mankind you ought to marry to perpetuate the glorious race—if you love your country, you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it—in fine, if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to the one, and glorious angels to the other!"

Married.

On Saturday evening the fifth inst. Mr. Daniel Riker, to Miss Helena Polhemus, daughter of Mr. Abraham Polhemus all of this city.

On Saturday evening last Mr. James Simmons, to Miss Jane Van Riper of Patterson New-Jersey.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Wm. Byrne, to Mrs. Mary Van Loone of Lunenburg, county of Greene.

At Paris, Citizen Bouquille, aged 86, to Mademoiselle Vervier, aged 16, grand niece to his first wife, after whose death he had lived a widower 50 years. He is god-father to his present wife's mother.



Died.

On Friday the 18th Mrs. Sarah Thompson aged 42, formerly of Savannah.

On the 6th inst. at St. Croix, Dr. Jonas S. Addams, formerly of this, city.

At Fishkill, on Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas Van. Vancken.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, of this city.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

Price One Dollar.

E. Wooffendale Milliner and Mantuamaker removed to No. 112 Broad-way nearly opposite the City-Hotel. Three young ladies wanted to learn the business.

To let 2 rooms one a large front room, the other a small back room, they may be had either furnished or

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST; FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dry-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antisorbetic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & N. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LATOUR'S Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeymen, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	Laborers, &c.
Apprentices,	House-keepers,
Farmers,	Wet Nurses,
Gardeners,	Dry Nurses,
Coachmen,	Seamstresses,
Footmen,	Chamber-Maids,
Cooks and } on board	Women cooks, &c.
Stewards { Vessels,	

SELECT CLASSES.

THE subscriber purports to begin a course of Geography, and History, with the use of the globes, on the 14th of this month, for young ladies, at his Academy, No. 19 Partition-street. This class will be kept in the morning from 6 to 8. Another class to go in at 11 and come out at 1. In addition to Geography, there will be given exercises in Grammar, Composition, and Elocution, in order to complete an elegant English education.

J. KAY.

Theatre.

MR. HOGG'S BENEFIT.

On Monday Evening, May 28.

Will be presented an Historical play, called
COLUMBUS.

To which will be added a Farce called
Raising the Wind.

With a variety of other entertainments.



THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

[From Moore's Fables for Ladies.]

THE nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood
With silken line my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You see the boy his lime twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear?
Lest heedless we approach too near,
For, as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire,
Eut, from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop, for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike,
While salmon ply regardless by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night with restless care
She spin her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive, slain,
Or flutt'ring struggle in her toils
To burst the chains and shun the wiles.

A straying Bee that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,

And thus began: "Mean thing! give o'er,
"And lay thy slender threads no more;
"A thoughtless fly or two at most,
"Is all the conquest thou canst boast,
"For Bees of sense thy arts evade,
"We see so plain the nets are laid.

"The gaudy tulip that displays
"Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
"That points her charms at all she sees,
"And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
"Attracts not me: where blushing grows,
"Guarded with thorns the modest rose,
"Enamor'd round and round I fly,
"Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
"Reluctant she my ardor meets,
"And bashful renders up her sweets.

"To wiser heads attention lend,
"And learn this lesson from a friend;
"She who with modesty retires,
"Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
"While such incautious jilts as you
"By folly your own schemes undo."

PEACE OF MIND.

[By COPPER.]

WEEN all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease,
The live long day beguile.

From morn to dewy eve,
With open hand she showers
Fresh blessings, to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;

Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And ev'ning's closing eye,
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beautifully array'd
In nature's various robes,
With wond'rous skill display'd.

Is, to a mourner's heart,
A dreary wild at best;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scent, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth; 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable; 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS.

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piana Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Banker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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